

The Band that Beats the Band

By WALT MASON



THIS is the band that beats the band—for all are Cones, you understand. At Ramsey, which is in N. J., the brothers and their father play; they toot their fifes and beat their drums when'er a conquering hero comes, and if no hero makes his bow, they dish up music anyhow. When you would organize a band, you must rake round on every hand, and send out tracers everywhere, to find your players, who are rare. But, lo, when Major Edward Cone desired to make a band his own, he just enrolled his gifted boys, and taught them how to make a noise that would enthrall the cultured ear and draw the shining doubloon near. Four girls and seven boys has he, and all are strong for melody. The girls can play the drum and fife, and charm all troubles from your life, but they stay home and help their ma, the while the boys play tunes with pa. At every fest and jamboree that citizens of Ramsey see, the Cones appear, to fill the air with harmony beyond compare. For forty miles around the town, they hold all celebrations down, and find it difficult to fill demands upon their time and skill. The major was a drummer-boy in Civil War times, and his joy is in the drum he pounded then, inspiring weary fighting men. 'Twas while he showed the kids, one day, how in old times he used to play, there came to this hard-working man the inspiration for his plan. And then he taught them how to thrum, to blow the fife and beat the drum, to turn out music smooth and grand; and hence the band that beats the band.

Another Idea Worth \$1



This 14-year-old girl organized herself into an information bureau for her community. The idea is putting her through college.

IN spite of the fact that I am only fourteen years old, I have put \$653 in the bank in the last two years, all of it earned by work outside of school hours. Any young man or woman can follow the plan I have developed, providing he reads the daily papers and works in the public library an hour or two a day.

Two years ago my teacher in school laughingly called me "a walking information bureau," and set me to wondering

what I could do to make money out of such an asset. I had always read the papers and the magazines with interest; but it was entirely for my own pleasure. When the idea came that I might capitalize this habit and answer questions for a price, I inserted a reading notice in my home weekly saying:

"The undersigned has established an information bureau. If you have any questions which you have found difficult to answer, she will be glad to answer them for you. Prompt and accurate service guaranteed. Rates: 15 cents a question; two questions for 25 cents."

Of course, business was slow; but it finally began to come, and within six months I had all I could do in two hours, from four to six every day. I have gradually extended the advertising until I now get questions from several counties in my State. Most of the questions are on baseball or photo-players; so, if you plan to try my scheme, make these two your first study. To show what can be done by one who knows little at first: I have never seen a baseball game played by professionals of the big leagues; but there are books on the subject of both players and averages.

My information bureau is going to put me through college, besides paying part of my present expenses.

EDITOR'S NOTE: I have paid the writer of this \$10 for her idea. It is worth \$50 to any reader who will put it into practice in his or her own district. Every week I will pay \$10 for an idea that will make \$1 or save \$1 for the readers of this magazine. Address your letters to the "\$1 Idea Editor."

"How I Cut Down My Doctor's Bills"

I WILL pay \$25 for the best letter on this subject. By "best" I mean the letter that tells in the most interesting and practical way just how and by what means the writer improved his or her health. The suggestion must be one that it is possible for the average American to adopt in his own life: the writer must tell specifically just what it accomplished for him or her.

For instance, one of the best health aids I have discovered is to have a Thermos bottle filled with cold water on my desk. I knew I ought to drink more water—a

couple of quarts a day. But, until I put the bottle there as a constant reminder, I used to slip through the days unwatered, simply because I was too busy to remember.

What have you discovered in your eating, your exercise, or your routine of life, that has improved your health and cut down your doctor's bill?

For every letter good enough to print I will pay regular magazine rates. Your name will be used or not, as you prefer.

This contest closes in two weeks.

THE EDITOR.

Is a Wife a Waster?

HAS the world outgrown the need of wives?

Time was when the wife looked after her husband's clothes; when, if she prepared no food for him, he got none; when home was the only refuge open to him.

The modern man eats in a hotel, spends his evenings at the club, and sends his clothes to the laundry and the tailor.

Is the ancient and honorable trade of wife headed for the discard?

Is it because woman's work has been so largely taken from her that we have this restlessness called feminism?

Is the wife a producer or only a waster?

A young lady asks these questions.

As she is to be married this June, we will answer them in this our Brides' Number.

What does the wife produce?

First of all, if she is the right kind of wife she will add from 25 to 100 per cent. to her husband's income.

Not by bringing him money; but by increasing his efficiency; by giving him a motive for work.

I can name ten successful men who have said to me: "I never amounted to a hurrah before I got married. I had more promotion in the first five years after marriage than in ten years before."

A homeless man is an inefficient worker. He eats wherever hunger overtakes him; he loses more sleep than he ought. He works desperately hard some days—too hard—and is utterly played out and useless on others.

The right kind of wife remedies that. She helps him to carry his load easily. And only work that is done easily is really done well.

Ambition, increased income, peace of mind—these are things you may create for your husband, my dear Miss Bride, if you are the right kind of girl.

And you can do something else: you can actually lengthen his life.

There has been a general impression that married men live longer than bachelors. Recently Professor Willcox, of Cornell University, and the New York State Health Department have proved it.

Of men between the ages of 20 and 29 the death rate among bachelors is 57 per cent. greater than among married men.

Of men between the ages of 30 and 39 the death rate among bachelors is 119 per cent. greater.

Of men between the ages of 40 and 49 the death rate among bachelors is 105 per cent. greater.

The man of thirty, with a good wife, has twice as good a chance of living to see fifty as the man with no wife.

And finally, Miss Bride, you can do the most important thing of all.

You can establish one new home as a bit of moral leaven in the community—a new center of simple living, clean thinking, and old-fashioned honesty.

We have had a great succession of "movements" in recent years all intended to hasten on the millennium:

Prohibition movements; woman suffrage movements; anti-this and anti-that movements—all well intentioned.

But the millennium will not come by movements.

When the Jews went back to Jerusalem and began to rebuild the wall, every householder built the part "over against his own house."

The various parts joined, end to end, to make a complete circle of the city. So the individual housekeepers, each by protecting his own house, had by the same effort made the city secure.

That is the only bulwark for the modern city or State or nation that amounts to anything—a succession of well made homes, standing shoulder to shoulder.

That is your job, Miss Bride—the greatest in the world. You need not envy those who trust to their books or their statues or their speeches to make them famous.

You will write your influence in human flesh and blood: it will throb in the veins of the race as long as you have a descendant in the world.

That is your promise of immortality.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Every bride and every young couple ought to start their home life right by reading Mr. Atwood's book on saving money. A 2-cent stamp, sent to me at 95 Madison Avenue, New York, will bring a copy.